

# The Evening World

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## The Evening World First.

Number of columns of advertising in the  
Evening World for 12 months, ending  
February 29, 1904.....12,518 1/2  
Number of columns of advertising in the  
Evening World for 12 months, ending  
February 28, 1903.....8,257 1/4

INCREASE.....4,261 1/4

This record of growth was not equaled by any  
newspaper, morning or evening, in the United States.

## IS NEW YORK RICH ENOUGH FOR THIS?

If all the millionaires of Greater New York had to live in a single street, that thoroughfare—so a magazine writer estimates—would have to be more than twenty miles long. And it might be forty.

The aggregate income of the social clubs of New York is estimated at something near to \$25,000,000 a year.

In the single theatrical season of 1901-2, according to the managers' figures, New York paid \$15,000,000 for its stage and concert entertainment. This was more than half the sum paid into the theatre box-offices by the whole country.

These statements are impressive. Not less so is the fact that for lack of a \$25,000 increase in its income the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary is possibly to close a department in which from 350 to 400 lives are saved yearly.

The hospital has been going beyond its means in the endeavor to live up to the increasing demands on its departments. One pavilion is already out of commission. There were 50,344 patients who came to the hospital last year. Thousands of them were of the very poor. It is the very poor who will suffer if the May closing must be.

As the opening paragraphs indicate, above, New York is a city more than passing rich. Is it rich enough to afford the sacrifice of even one among its finest "human interest" institutions?

Rome sat easily on seven hills. Murphy has his troubles with one.

## THE PUNCH IN THE TRANSFER SLIP.

Transfers between all the surface car lines that meet at the Circle and at Sixty-fifth street and Columbus avenue. Good promise, Mr. Root!

Transfers from Manhattan surface cars to cars that travel into the Bronx. The Harlem River no longer a liquid boundary line where the old fares run out and new ones are collectable. A good demand, Mr. Mayor, on behalf of the riding public!

The punch in the transfer slip records the order of progress in local transit. The wider the distribution of punches, the greater the progress.

There is another order in store. It will bring the commutation ticket by means of which New York school children will ride to school and back again at special rates. This matter will be spoken of again.

"Paines defends his law." The impossible returneth to his own indefensibility.

## AGE DOES NOT RIPEN THE FIRE ALARM.

New York bath its horse cars as no country township hath.

It has a fire-alarm system which has grown old with the horse cars, which sends in now and then a wrong call and may at any moment refuse to send in any call at all.

Time will yet put out the horse car. It will be well to take time by the forelock in putting in the new fire-alarm system.

Fire does not wait on the antiquate, signal box, itself, it is always up to date.

Better gas last month by 10 per cent. Improvement still possible. Light up, Mr. Trust!

## FOR THE MASHER, THE SMASHER.

Masher: (slang) One who impudently seeks to impress or win the admiration of the other sex; a sentimental fop; dude.

Smasher: One or that which smashes.

Police Commissioner McAdoo is urged earnestly to the devising of means by which the subject of the second definition may be brought into intimate bearing upon the subject of the first. In a letter to The Evening World yesterday, "Shopper" suggested Twenty-third street, between Broadway and Sixth avenue, as a centre of operations.

Of course the clash of smash and masher should be as law-and-orderful as possible. But, above all, it should be effective.

Ohio should forward an anti-lynch-law hurry call for the Governor of Mississippi.

## WOMEN IN REAL POLITICS.

A woman's political club in this city is distressed by scandal. The characters of members have been attacked, and a club officer is charged with having purchased her position. The accusations are contained in an anonymous letter which closes with the words, "There is more to come."

The women are dismayed. They do not want any more to come. They think too much has come already.

The trouble in this case is that whereas the ladies of the club formerly supposed they were in politics, now they really are and don't know it.

In a machine Legislature there is the inevitable conflict between the genus homo and the genus home rule.

Where Husband Intervene.—Just as a Chicago husband seeks to have his wife enjoined from betting, a woman in Arkansas wins \$10,000. Just as a New York man incites a notice raid on the room where his wife "follows the ponies," two women in New Orleans almost put the "bookies" out of business. Perhaps the Chicago man would better get the injunction modified so as simply to forbid his wife to lose. As for the New York man—well, his mischief's done.

## A Plea for the Bachelor Girl.

By

Nixola Greeley-Smith.



It is only when catechized by a particularly matchmaking woman that the confirmed bachelor has to justify his existence. When a man has lived to be thirty or thirty-five years old without taking unto himself a mate society accepts his bachelorhood and does not call upon him either to explain or to defend it.

It is not so with the bachelor girl, who, after she has reached the age of twenty-five, must remain single at the peril of being considered either an anomalous or a blighted being, and who finds her detached condition challenged and ridiculed at every turn.

Though she does not usually regard her spinsterhood as requiring either explanation or apology, she is constantly being called upon to render both. And, singularly enough, the challenge comes, not from other women, but from men.

The man who is merely curious and perhaps a trifle ill bred asks her why she doesn't marry. It is only the man who is designedly impudent who goes into detailed inquiries as to whether she does not feel the desire to be loved and shielded by a man's strong arm, etc., and dwells upon the necessity of having a masculine buffer between her and the cold world. And the man who is neither impudent nor curious shakes his head sadly and wonders as they all wonder—about her bachelorhood.

There is nothing to wonder about—nothing to make the masculine philosopher ponder and fear that marriage is less popular with women than in the days of his grandfathers, and that his education and the desire for a career have dwarfed all the finer instincts of womanhood.

To be sure, that philosopher frequently has the idea that marriage in itself is necessary to a woman's happiness and that she had better take anything that comes her way matrimonially rather than be left blooming alone. There was a time when women very generally shared this belief, but fortunately the time has passed.

The number of women who marry for a home or to support an old man is lessening every year. For they have come to realize that marriage on those terms is not an easy way of making a living and that they can pursue any one of the hundred self-supporting occupations now open to them with greater independence and security.

A hundred, or even fifty years ago, it was a very small compliment to a man for a woman to marry him, for her attitude toward him might frequently have been expressed by the "Floradora" couplet—

It must be some one.  
It must be as well be you.  
Nowadays, when she marries him because she really thinks that he is the one man of all others destined to make her happy.

Women generally have a sentimental belief in this "one man" theory. Some of them actually think that in all the world there is just this one. And if they have not met him they are content to remain unmarried until he turns up.

Sometimes, to be sure, he never turns up. Again, sometimes, he turns up for some one else. But even so, the woman who waits for him never regrets if she is true to her best self and, consequently, to him.

There is a bachelor girl living in New York whose beauty suggests to the average man the inevitable query as to why she doesn't marry, who once came very near taking their advice, though she knew perfectly well that so far as the man she persisted in regarding as the right one was concerned scarcely existed, and that the other—the good, earnest, prosperous young man she could marry was—well, that was all he was.

She came very near it, but one day the other one—and this explains why he was only the other one—remarked in a burst of confidence that no matter how much he loved the woman he married he would always have common sense enough to realize that there were at least a dozen other women in the world who would have pleased him as much had he happened to meet them.

And the bachelor girl, in him to go and look for the other one.

And she is doubtless happier for having done so.

## CHANGE ABOUT.

Miss Gally—Mr. Lumberbund seems to be lighter on his feet than he was when he first began to dance.

Miss Prettygirl—Yes—and heavier on his partner's!—Cincinnati Times-Star.

## Legal Holiday.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I saw that Washington's Birthday was a legal holiday. B says it was not and also says that there's no legal holiday in the United States. Please decide.

F. G. D.

Washington's Birthday is a legal holiday in all States except Mississippi and is also a legal holiday in Oklahoma, Arizona and the District of Columbia.

There is no national legal holiday in the United States. In other words, there is no legal holiday observed in all States and Territories.

"Girl in Pink" Prize Winners Were Announced Feb. 24.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Have you published the list of prize winners in the "Girl in Pink" story?

Mr. Conway Says "Here!"

To the Editor of The Evening World:

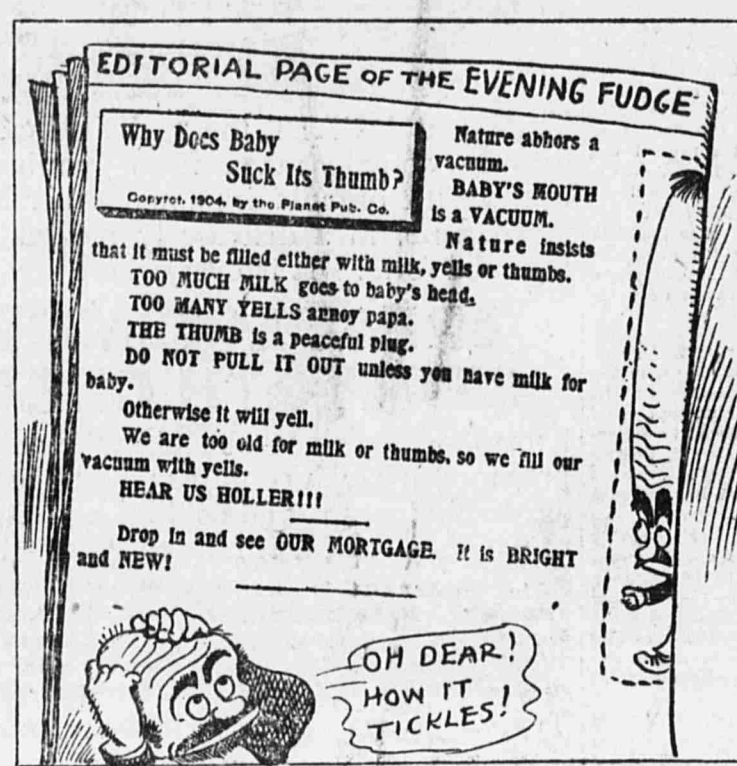
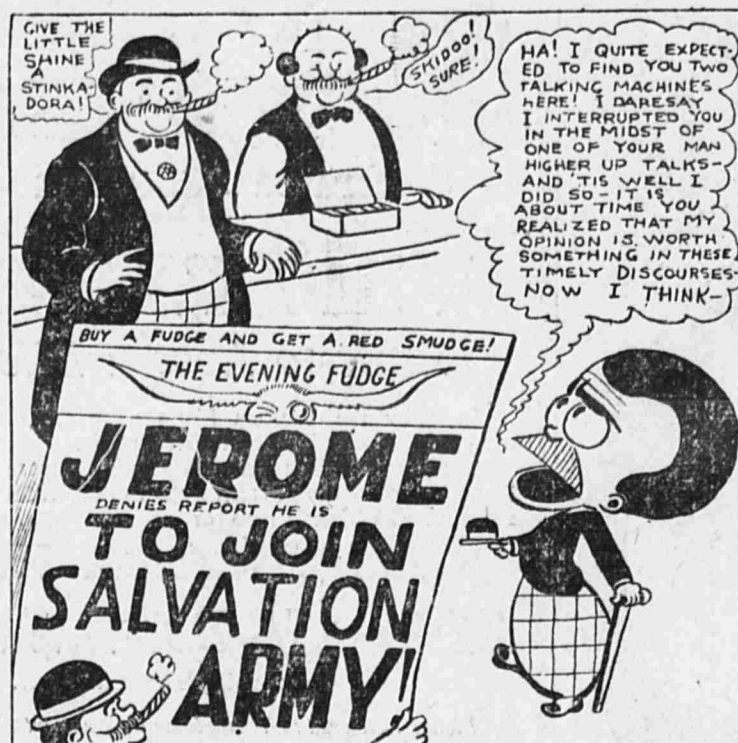
Please convey my sincere thanks to your correspondent who kindly re-

## The Great and Only Mr. Pee wee.

THE MOST IMPORTANT LITTLE MAN ON EARTH.

Design Copyrighted, 1903, by The Evening World

Mr. Pee wee Thinks the Man Higher Up Needs Advice.

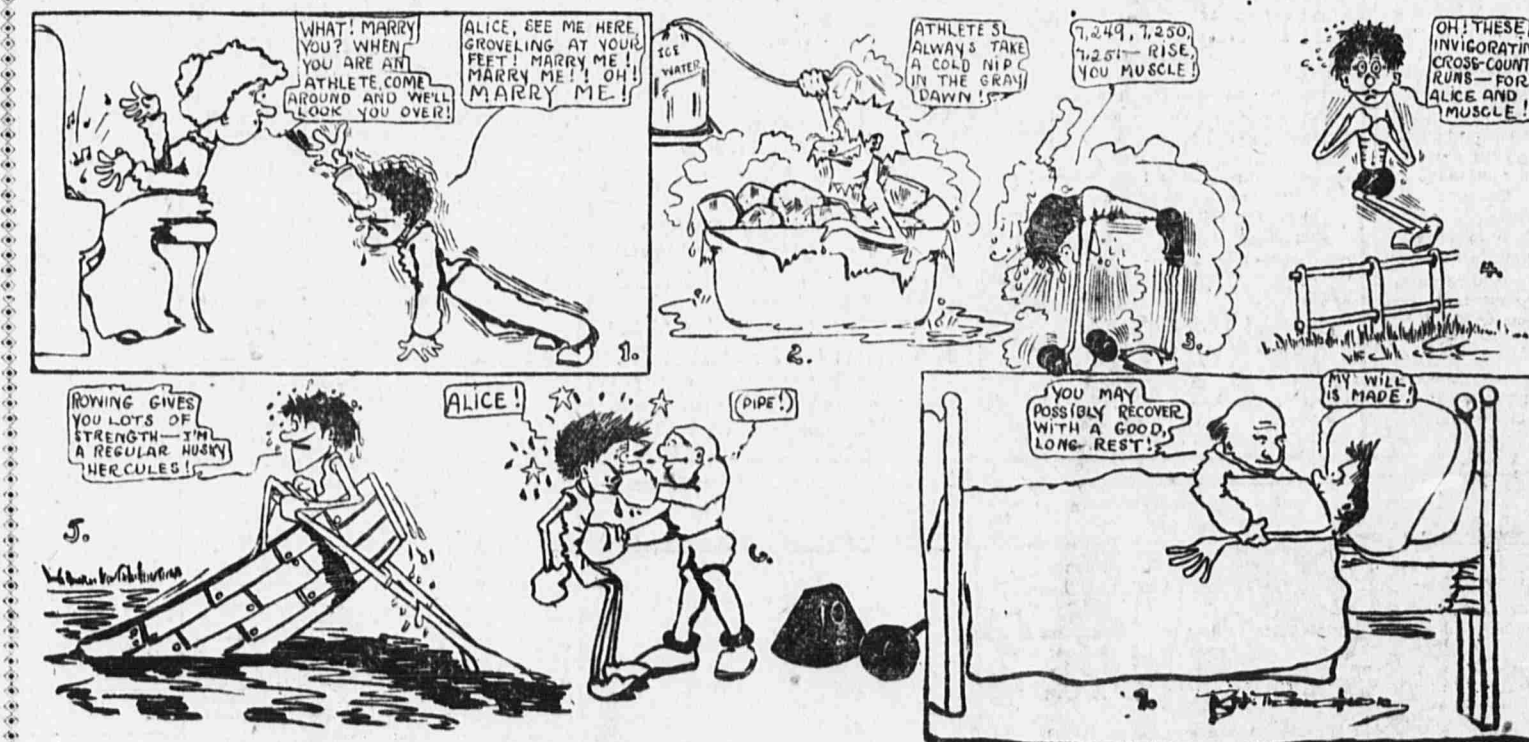


Prize Pee wee headlines for to-day, \$1 for each: No. 1, GEORGE F. BYRNES, No. 230 East Thirty-fifth street, New York City; No. 2, CHARLES HERR, No. 415 East Eighty-fourth street, New York City; No. 3, SAM BLACK, No. 376 Wythe avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

To-Morrow's Prize "Fudge" Editorial, "Why Are Women Not Baldheaded?"

## What Man Will Do for Woman

Here is the Wooer Who Would an Athlete Be



ROVING GIVES YOU LOTS OF LETTERS—TWO A REGULAR MUSKY HERCULES!

ALICE, SEE ME HERE GROVELING AT YOUR FEET! MARRY ME! I MARRY ME! I MARRY ME! I MARRY ME!

ATHLETE! ALWAYS TAKE A GOLD NIP IN THE GRAY DOWN!

OH! THESE INVIGORATING COCK-SCOOTING RUMBLES—FOR ALICE AND MUSCLE!

YOU MAY POSSIBLY RECOVER WITH A GOOD LONG REST!

MY WILL IS MADE!

## Letters—Questions—Answers.

### Same Old Wife and Mother Problem

To the Editor of The Evening World: Suppose a married man, having two children, was aboard a sinking ship and he had the opportunity of saving one person, whom should he save, his wife or his mother? I ask the readers to answer this question. M. B.

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To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please convey my sincere thanks to your correspondent who kindly re-

members my feeble communications to The Evening World. Please tell him I am still in the ring and always ready to put in a word for the right and the true.

JOHN CONWAY.

### The Crowded "L" Station.

To the Editor of The Evening World: In no other city but New York would such conditions be tolerated as those which exist on the downtown station of the Third Avenue "L" at Houston street, and I don't see why a second stairway should not be constructed. While it frequently takes about four or five minutes for passengers alighting from trains to reach the street, it is almost impossible for passengers to reach the platform from the street, crowded as this solitary stairway is with descending humanity. On occasions when these passengers in desperation force their way up against this tide the stairway becomes completely blocked and the mass sways back and forth, neither ascending nor descending. Probably not until a serious accident occurs from this intolerable crowding and the company is sued for heavy damages will anything be done toward remedying this evil.

EMANUEL W. HARRIS.

### He Should Wear a Dress Suit.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the proper dress for a gentleman attending a musicale in the evening?

H. C. Harrison, N. J.

## New Styles for Dog Motorists.



Heretofore automobilists have been a veritable scourge to dogs. Innumerable have been the victims of these "leather-dealing" engines, which in France are now contemptuously referred to as "stew oaks." Not only have they been run over by the motor cars, but when they have ridden in them they have subsequently perished from cold brought on by the exposure and from diseases of the eye caused by whirling dust. For a long time chauffeurs, while protecting themselves from the discomforts of the road by masks, goggles and large cloaks, neglected to furnish similar covering to their four-footed companions.

But to-day all this has been changed, and the equipment of the dog chauffeur, which is here reproduced from a photograph, is by no means exceptional in Paris.

## The Man Higher Up

Women Fitted To Gowns, Not Gowns to Women.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that the Dress-makers' Protective Association Convention has been doing great stunts with models over at Masonic Temple."

"The Dressmakers' Protective Association?" queried the Man Higher Up. "Oh, you mean the shape school. You know they don't teach dressmakers to make dresses any more. It used to be that a woman with a good form got a dress made to fit her, and a woman with a poor form got the same kind of a deal, consequently only women with natural forms made any kind of a front. Nowadays the modistes can take a woman with a shape like the back of a hack, put clothes on her and make her a second edition of Lillian Russell."

"Instead of teaching dressmakers to construct dresses nowadays they teach them to be sculptors. They form an ideal shape and build a woman up or squeeze her down to it. There's many a svelte female in her street clothes who looks like a bundle of bedclothes hanging on a fire-escape when she gets her moulds off and puts on a dressing gown to take dinner with her husband. The female form divine never was what it seemed to be after the dressmakers got through with it, but at the present writing there is more deception under every square yard of made-up dress goods than ever perambulated before."

"In addition to learning how to compress and expand the modern dressmaker spends many hours in darning out schemes to make the unaided gracing of a woman resemble a star stunt in contortion. I have a friend whose wife used to make him button up her gowns in the back because her arms were not built on the swivel plan and she couldn't reach the buttons herself. Finally he framed up a proposition to make her wear dresses buttoned in front. He got the button-holes and buttons mixed one night when they were going to the theatre, and the back of her waist looked like a panoramic exhibit of white goods samples. When they got home he put her wise to it."

"How did it come out?" asked the Cigar Store Man. "She set him back for the salary of a maid," replied the Man Higher Up.

## Mrs. Nagg and Mr.

By Roy L. McCardell.

They Take a Quiet Excursion to Brooklyn Over the B. R. T. in the Rain, and Even Amid Churlish Scenes Like These That Awful Man Does Not Restrain His Continual Fault-Finding.

"WHY are you not cheerful, Mr. Nagg? Why are you beginning the day by sneering and scowling at me? Are you not glad that we are going to Brooklyn to see my mother, or are you afraid she will read your guilty secret and intuitively grasp our unhappy domestic relations owing to your continual snarling, sneering, scowling—Don't interrupt me! You were going to interrupt me! You were going to say some cruel, bitter thing to wound me!"

"Why don't you keep in front of me? Why are all these people going to Brooklyn? Why do they all go there at one time? Why don't they wait till the rush is over? Oh, how these steps are crowded! Keep off my feet, you brute! If I had a husband who was a man he would thrash you for not stepping aside for me!"

"Is this the Fulton street elevated? Look how everybody is crowding! Ruffians! Why don't you push your way in, Mr. Nagg? Why do you let me be trampled on? Why don't you clear the way for me?"

"Thank goodness, we are in the train! Why don't you sit down? How can I see the river if you stand in front of me? No, I can't make room for you. If you had any energy you would have taken that seat across the way that that woman with the baby took. But no; you helped her to it. If it was me you would see me fall at your feet exhausted before you would try to get me a seat."

"Why don't you say something? I suppose you are angry now because you see I am happy and am enjoying my little outing! My, how it is raining! Why do they let people on board the cars and crowd them up in this way for?"

"Where is the umbrella? I left it in your office! I did not! I gave it to you! Oh, how can you say I wouldn't let you carry it for fear I would mislay it? I begged you to take it! If you had taken it I wouldn't have forgotten it. Of course I forgot it. My poor head is in such a whirl. I have everything on my shoulders. You take no responsibility. Why did I trust you with that umbrella? Yes, you roughly pulled it out of my hands. If I had kept it I would have it now. And see how it rains!"

"You knew I had on my new hat, and you deliberately threw away the umbrella so it would be ruined. 'What are you gawking there for? Don't you see everybody is getting out of the car? You are ashamed to go to my mother's and look her in the face after the way you have been treating me! You should be ashamed of yourself. Everybody is out of the car but us, and here I have been begging you to take me out, and you stand and scowl.'"

"You are scowling just because I lost an umbrella. I wouldn't say a word or find fault if you lost a hundred umbrellas, and goodness knows you do lose one every time I let you have it, and pay no attention to me when I dare venture to say a word when you come home without it."

"Ah! I shall tell my mother. She has advised me. Her home is always open to me. I have one friend in the world to whom I may speak, to whom I may tell my troubles, to whom I may say when even my patient, happy nature can no longer stand your cruel treatment."

"That's right, swear! You were not going to swear? Ha! I'd like to see you try it! Ah, my poor mother! Little did she know what I suffer, but I shall tell her!"

"There he goes! He has run away and left me—left me in the rain, just because I tried to be cheerful and happy!"

## Mrs. Nagg's Side of the Case.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I would like to put in a word in defense of Mrs. Nagg. From my own long experience and what I have seen I am confident that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred it is Mr. Nagg. But let the brute smoke, chew, expectorate all over the floor, get drunk as often as suits his pleasure; don't ask him for money; take what he gives and say nothing; be sure and have change for him when he is out of funds, and he is yours—truly. I never get a dollar but there is war and "What the — do you do with it?" As I am a smart sewer and first-class laundress I will try to earn enough for myself and three children to be independent of a Mr. Nagg.

A DISCOURAGED WIFE.

## Sawdust Alcohol.

A Norwegian chemist has discovered a new and cheap process for making alcohol from sawdust. Sawdust is treated under pressure with diluted sulphuric acid, by which the cellulose is transformed into sugar, which, by adding fermentation producers, is converted into alcohol in the old manner and then distilled.

"If some folks," said Uncle Eben, "would walk as far huntin' work as dey does follerin' a percussion daz would be mo' doin' when de dinner bell rings."—Washington, Star.

MISAPPLIED ZEAL.

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